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Joshua R. Holley

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The Saga of Bob and Carson

By

Josh Holley

**The Honors College
Fine and Performing Arts Honors Program
East Tennessee State University**

May 6, 2014

Herb Parker, Faculty Mentor

Cara Harker, Faculty Reader

Dr. Katherine Weiss, Faculty Reader

Building the Saga of Bob and Carson

“When a character is born, he leads such a independent life that you can conceive him in a hundred situations that haven’t been written.

The Father, Six Characters in Search of an Author, Luigi Pirandello

Two years ago, when I was given an assignment to write a short play for Dr. Weiss’ modern drama class, I had no idea that I was entering a relationship, with two men, that would continue to grow and strengthen for the next two years. For said assignment, I completed the first play I had ever written, *Bob and Carson on a Couch*. I had no idea what I was doing. It was an assignment. I just wanted to get a good grade. I remember having it read in class. I remember how horrifying it was, the idea of sharing my play with a room full of people I didn’t know. I also remember the feeling I got when I heard them laughing. The feeling is unmatched. I had brought joy and laughter to people, just by writing down some things that I thought were funny. I had no idea what I had started. All I knew was that Bob and Carson still had things to say, things to do. Just like my writing career, it was only the beginning.

I took my thesis as an opportunity to finish their story, to complete *The Saga of Bob and Carson*. I knew what I wanted to happen for them and it was time to sit down and let them tell me how to make it happen. When I write, I find that it is much less about what I want, and way more about what the characters themselves want and need. I discovered, this is the only way to get anything done, to listen to

them over myself. It is such a strange situation to be in, it can drive you crazy. There were too many nights that I would sit up at 3 a.m. with a cigarette and a cup of coffee, having full-blown arguments with myself and people that do not exist! I honestly believe that is what it takes though. It's hard. I wanted to scrap the whole project more times than I can count, but like with any relationship, you have your ups and your downs. In the end I found that the more you fight through it, the sweeter it is when everything works out.

I'd like to say that after this thesis my journey with Bob and Carson will be over, but I can't. I love them too much. It's a common trap for writers to become attached to their characters. Bob and Carson aren't just two imaginary beings though. They are a division of myself turned into characters in a play. I've been asked if the characters in my plays are based off of people in my life. My answer has always been no. Going back and thinking about it though, if I look at my characters, I can see attributes that I have clearly taken from very important and influential people in my life. So, I thought long and hard: Who are Bob and Carson? To my surprise, I realized that they are me. I halved my brain and gave a piece to Bob and the other to Carson. Bob is everything that I am forced to be, or feel obligated to be. He's the part of me that pushes me to turn in assignments or go to work or clean the house. He does everything that my left-brain tells me to do. Carson is the part of me that would much rather spend time making myself happy. He's the part of me that often times wondered whether or not college was really for me. He's the fearless side of me, the side that doesn't worry about consequences or the judgments of others. I realized just how important it is for me to have both of those sides. With

only one of those sides, I would have been completely miserable and void of any originality or creativity, or on the other hand, a total screw up and probably wouldn't be days away from attaining a degree. I needed both sides of me to get to where I am today. Understanding this lead to a much fuller understanding of the relationship between Bob and Carson. Just as much as I need both halves of my brain, Bob needs Carson and vice versa. As frustrating as it is to find the balance, having both halves is necessary if you're looking for happiness.

Bob and Carson on a Couch

By

Josh Holley

Part 1 of The Saga of Bob and Carson

ACT I

Scene 1

Bob and Carson On a Couch Lights Up A man, Bob, is sitting on his couch staring straight into the audience, no sound, after roughly 20 seconds another man, Carson, enters and sits next to him. Carson exchanges glances at Bob and what he is staring at. This goes on for roughly a minute.

BOB

I can't believe you didn't pay the cable bill. I gave you the money didn't I?

CARSON

Yeah...

BOB

And...? What did you do with it?

BOB

Carson...What did you do with my money?

BOB

CARSON!

CARSON

Okay, okay...I...uh...invested it.

BOB

You invested it? Invested it in what?

CARSON

Promise me you won't get mad at me and fly off the handle.

BOB

No. I most certainly will not promise that because I'm almost certain that I am going to get mad at you!

CARSON

Fair enough,

BOB

TELL ME!

CARSON

Okay...well it's kinda a long story.

BOB

Considering the fact that all I had planned today was sitting on my ass watching T.V. and YOU decided to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (cont'd)
invest my money instead of paying the cable bill, I now have a pretty clear schedule...I have nothing but time for a story.

CARSON
Oh! Well, okay! I know this guy, and if I can be blunt with you, he's kind of a moron...

BOB
(Stare)

CARSON
But he's got great ideas! Like this one time we were-

BOB
Just skip to the part where you lose my money!

CARSON
Okay, okay, okay...geez! He got an offer to help start up a brand new product.

BOB
I know I'm going to regret this, but what is this new product?

CARSON
Okay, bare with me...so imagine you wake up late and now you're going to be running late for work...BUT! You don't have coffee yet...So you have to go to Starbucks and it takes forever and then you're late for work, boss gets pissed, BOOM! You're fired! Never Again! Now....Coming Soon...Coffee at your house!!!!

BOB
What?

CARSON
Coffee at your house!

BOB
What about it?

CARSON
That's the product! It's a machine that makes coffee at your house!

BOB
You mean a coffee pot?

CARSON
Uh...What?

(CONTINUED)

(Bob gets up and exits SL. Disgruntled noises are heard off stage. Bob re-enters holding a coffee pot.)

BOB

This!

CARSON

Wait...that thing makes coffee?

BOB

Yes! What the hell did you think it did?!

CARSON

Honestly...I can say that I never gave it a thought.

BOB

You're an idiot.

CARSON

Wait...so you're saying that the product already exists?

(Bob shoves coffee pot into Carson's lap.)

CARSON

Shit! Poor Jake, he's been bamboozled.

BOB

You fucking idiot! He tricked you! He tricked you out of your money...No...No...Correction he tricked you out of MY money!

CARSON

How was I supposed to know? He seemed like a real go-getter! He had honest eyes.

BOB

Honest eyes? What the fuck does that even mean?

(The two of them sit without speaking for a moment)

CARSON

I'm sorry Bob. Really, I am.

BOB

I know you are Carson.

CARSON

You're probably pretty pissed at me, huh?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

No, I'm not pissed at you. I'm a little annoyed, disgruntled, and disappointed.

CARSON

But...not pissed?

BOB

No.

CARSON

Great!

(Another long moment of silence.)

CARSON

So what do you want to do?

BOB

I don't know. I really just wanted to relax today and watch T.V.

CARSON

Wanna rent a movie?

BOB

I hate movies Carson, you know that. The movie industry isn't worth a damn anymore. If I see one more romantic comedy I might shoot myself. (Changes to his idea of a movie voice) This spring. Experience love. Find your soul mate...In the most unlikely of places. It may have been right under your nose all along. Lovey Dovey Bullshit 2: A Second Chance at Love. For fucks sake! It's going to be some stupid ass attractive male that lives next to some incredibly attractive woman, but for some stupid ass reason he doesn't realize it, so he treats her like one of the guys. But then she'll start dating some guy and she'll go to the stupid asshole's apartment and ask him how she looks and he'll realize he loves her. Then a whole bunch of shit will happen and then they'll get married. GOD! Why can't they just make good movies anymore. Like...like...My Cousin Vinny...or...or....Uncle Buck.

CARSON

I think somebody might be bitter.

BOB

You bet your ass I'm bitter, I want to see good movies, dammit!

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

I wasn't talking about the movies, Bob, I was talking about what they represent.

BOB

What the hell are you babbling about?

CARSON

You want to be the stupid ass guy that falls in love with the hot neighbor.

BOB

Have you seen our neighbor? Aside from the fact that she was around before the automobile, she also reeks of cat piss and mothballs.

CARSON

I didn't mean, literally, our neighbor. I just meant you want a girl, preferably one born closer to the turn of the century, hot, and has a fairly neutral to sweet smell. Am I right?

BOB

Well...

CARSON

I knew it! You are in need of a lady friend! How long has it been Bob?

BOB

Psht! Ha ha. Ha ha.

CARSON

How long Bob? A month?

(Bob gets very quiet)

CARSON

Two?

(Bob shakes head, as to say no, and points up.)

CARSON

Three?...Four?...Five?

(Bob shakes head yes.)

CARSON

FIVE MONTHS! JESUS!

BOB

Shut up! Will you be quiet please? I don't think my prospect next door heard you!

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

I'm sorry, I just never thought I'd see the day that YOU, of all people, would be on a five-month dry spell!

BOB

What do you mean YOU of all people?

CARSON

Are you kidding? We've been friends since the fourth grade! You were the first boy in our class to kiss a girl. In middle school you were the first boy to touch a boob. Ninth grade, first to get to third base, and by the time we graduated you'd slept with or at least fooled around with over half of the female graduating class. College was just a continuation of your hot streak. What happened?

BOB

Do you think if I knew, I'd be in a five-month relationship with my right hand and a box of Kleenex?

(Carson laughs)

BOB

Don't laugh...

(Carson stops immediately)

BOB

I guess its just...I mean...I'm a grown ass man, I can't go slumming around in clubs looking for drunk women with vomit in their hair. I just can't. I would like to meet a woman in a quiet place where I can talk to her, get to know her, maybe ask her to dinner. But where in the hell do you even do that?

CARSON

You want me to set you up with one of my friends?

BOB

Are you kidding me? Carson: What? Bob: I shudder at the thought of the sub-humanoid creature from the mall that you might try to set me up with.

CARSON

Oh come on!

BOB

Okay...all right...think of your top five women.

CARSON

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Okay. Now...I'm going to start listing what I consider unsuitable characteristics in a woman. If any of these women possess any of these qualities eliminate them. Deal?

CARSON

Deal.

BOB

Okay...Here we go. More than four ear piercings, lip piercings, eye brow piercings, below the belt piercings, if for some reason you know about them, unnatural hair color, abnormally pale skin, adult braces, hairy anything, man hands, adult acne, webbed toes, eating disorders, unusual sleeping patterns, Forrest Whittaker eye, moles, greasy hair, criminal records, lives with mom, sleeps with dad, crazy religion, believes in Santa, or unemployed.

Beat

BOB

Now, do we have a winner?

CARSON

What is a Forrest Whitaker eye?

BOB

Are you kidding me? Have you seen that thing, it's all like---Carson! Do we have a reasonable prospect or not?

CARSON

I think so, yes.

BOB

Really?

CARSON

Yes.

BOB

Do you need the list again?

CARSON

No, I think I got it.

BOB

All right! So what's her name? What is she like?

CARSON

Her name is Amy. I really think you'll like her. She's about 5'5", short blonde hair, really cute face, skinny but in an athletic way, and she's really nice.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

How do you know her?

CARSON

Remember when I worked at the bank for like a week,
until they fired me over that stupid bullshit?

BOB

You pretended to hold up the bank! But yes I remember.

CARSON

Well she worked there.

BOB

Steady job, that's a plus.

CARSON

You want me to call her up?

BOB

Would you?

CARSON

Of course!

(Carson gets out phone and makes phone call)

CARSON

Amy?...Hey! It's Carson...I'm fine....Listen, you're
not seeing anyone are you?...Great! What are you doing
later?...Well would you want to meet up with a friend
of mine for dinner?...Excellent!....Where? Bob, where
do you want to take her?

BOB

Schlotzkey's?

CARSON

(to Amy) Schlotzkey's?...Well, who doesn't love
Schlotzkey's?...Okay, so eight o'clock?...Great! Thanks
Amy. Okay, buh bye.

BOB

So...?

CARSON

You've got a date at eight my man!

BOB

Carson, Thank you so much man!

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

So does this make up for that whole coffee pot fiasco?

BOB

Yes! All is forgiven! Shit!!!! What time is it?

CARSON

Six thirty.

BOB

I better get ready! I have to shower and shave and find clean clothes!

CARSON

Well hop to it man!

(Bob gets up and exits SR. Beat.)

BOB

(From off-stage) Uh...What the fuck?! Carson! Why do we not have any water?

CARSON

Uh...hmm. Well, it's kinda a long story.

(Black Out)

Bob's Big Date

By

Josh Holley

Part 2 of The Saga of Bob and Carson

Cast of Characters

Bob:

Amy:

Chef/Fritz: Can be double cast as Fritz.

ACT I

Bob's Big Date

Lights up on Bob and Amy. They're sitting at a cafe table, things are not going well.

BOB

Really! If you just wait here, I can get back to my place, grab my wallet, and get back here in like fifteen minutes. Tops.

AMY

Bob, it's fine. I don't mind paying.

BOB

I planned on paying. I just...I guess in the rush to get here...I must have forgotten my wallet.

AMY

It's okay. You're not the first guy I've gone out with who *forgot* his wallet.

BOB

No, really! I was in such a rush...and I was all disheveled because...well there was no hot water...Carson, he...damn coffee pot.

AMY

Bob! Bob! Calm down. Don't blow a fuse. I was just messing around.

BOB

Oh...sorry about that. I'm just really nervous. It's been...a while since I've been on a date.

AMY

Honestly, it has been for me too. I don't usually agree to blind dates. Carson is just hard to say no to. He's got that aw-poor-thing thing going for him.

BOB

Well at least he's good for something. I'm really glad you said yes.

AMY

I guess I don't totally regret it.

BOB

Yea? So, this could happen again?

(CONTINUED)

AMY

I think we could make it happen...wait, we're not done are we? It's just a little after nine. Carson doesn't have you on a curfew, does he?

BOB

It doesn't have to be. I just didn't want to press my luck is all. I mean, I just didn't have anything else planned. But Carson lets me stay out til midnight on Saturdays. What did you have in mind?

AMY

Well, you'll probably think it's pretty lame, but do you like to play cards?

BOB

Absolutely! I better warn you though, I'm pretty damn good at cards. What's your game?

AMY

Speed.

BOB

I guess we're playing speed then. You'll have to walk me through it a little at first, it's been a while. What do you say to a best two out of three?

AMY

Sounds good to me.

The game begins.

BOB

Alright...alright...okay. Shit! Shit! Haha! Now I'm getting it. Shit! Shit! How do you only have that many cards left?

AMY

I'd stop looking at my cards and start trying to get rid of some of yours. Nope. Nevermind. I'm done.

BOB

Dear...lord. You're fast. I've never seen anything that fast before. Very impressive. Here, you deal. I need a minute to process what just happened.

AMY shuffles the cards. She knows what she is doing.

Are you like a card shark or something? You go on blind dates and hustle poor men like myself...

(CONTINUED)

AMY

No. Playing speed is sort of a family thing. I remember always playing on vacations, or on rainy days, sometimes if we just had some time to kill and wanted to talk.

BOB

That's sweet.

Game starts.

It was rummy in my family. It usually just turned into a screaming match though.

AMY

Oh...I'm sorry, Bob.

BOB

No! No, not like that. In a good way. It was just how we communicated. Except with my grandmother. She was someone I could just sit and talk to. Some of my best conversations with her were had sitting in her living room playing rummy.

Beat.

She was crazy. She would challenge me to ridiculous scores...like ten thousand. It was ridiculous. We would never finish the games. I think that was the point, ya know?

AMY

It's funny how much easier it is to talk openly about stuff when there is something distracting you...and I win again.

BOB

Shit! I only had two cards left.

AMY

Three out of five?

BOB

Okay.

AMY

What does the winner get?

BOB

I don't know. Name it.

AMY

If I win, you have to demand to see the chef, and compliment him on his culinary expertise. And if you win I let you come home with me. Don't get any ideas.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMY (cont'd)

You're in store for a very PG rated evening. But we will go back to my place and watch a movie or something.

BOB

That's a deal.

AMY

Do you want to deal?

BOB

No, you go ahead. You're faster anyways.

AMY

I guess it's kinda like counting and handing people money, and I do that all day every day.

AMY starts dealing.

BOB

I can see how it would cross over. Do you like your job?

AMY

Yea! It's good money. The hours aren't awful. Two weeks paid vacation a year.

Game starts.

And the people I work with are great, but...

BOB

But what?

AMY

But they're just so damn boring. Everyone is close to twenty years my senior. I'm so sick of hearing about kids and grandbabies. What can I contribute to that conversation? Ever? Nothing. I always say something like, "that's why I have a goldfish instead" and then walk away laughing hysterically at myself. I miss Carson being there. It was nice having someone around that was my age. If you can't meet people at work when you're our age, where the hell do you meet them? What am I supposed to go to loud clubs where dozens of strangers can accidentally grab my ass on purpose and spill shit all over me.

BOB

I know exactly what you mean. Also, I win.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Okay, I see you. It's your turn to talk. I feel like I've been babbling.

BOB

No, it's fine. You're fine. I know exactly what you mean. As scary as it sounds, Carson is my only true friend. After college, I just slowly stopped hearing from people, which is just as much on me as it is them. It just gets really hard balancing life with work. I mean, you go to work and you see people there, and you kinda know them; and you go to the gym and you kinda know the people there; and you come home and you see the people in your building, and you kinda know them; but there comes a point where you kinda get sick of kinda knowing people...I win again.

AMY

Nice come back.

BOB starts to shuffle.

If it's any consolation, I really think I'd like to more than kinda get to know you.

BOB

Good.

AMY

So, you and Carson are really close, huh?

BOB starts dealing the cards.

BOB

Yea. It can get a little stressful when the chaos of his life leaks over into mine, but honestly don't know what I'd do without him. He's my best friend.

AMY

Is there anything about you I should know right off the bat?

BOB

Hmm...anything you should know?

Game starts.

Okay. If we're hanging out at the house and a spider crawls up, I'm not your guy. I will be gone before you can ask me to do anything about it. I'm pretty bad about leaving the toilette seat up.

AMY

What else you got?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I don't do birds.

AMY

Birds?

BOB

Birds. I don't like them. Not like one bird. Or a few birds. But like a flock of birds. No. No thank you.

AMY

Any particular reason?

BOB

It's kinda of a big long thing...you don't want to hear it.

AMY

Humor me.

BOB

Alright. It's because a flock of birds is terrifying. Have you ever seen birds go after food on a beach? It's like as soon as one knows, they all know. They have the mental capacity for group mentality. It's like telekenesis or something. Rant over.

AMY

You've put a freaky amount of thought into this.

BOB

I've had a long time to think about it.

AMY

Is that it?

BOB

Yea, that's it.

AMY

Okay. Thats it.

BOB

Yup, that's it.

AMY

No, I mean, game over. I win.

BOB

Dammit. Look, do I really have to do the bet? We were just kidding right?

(CONTINUED)

AMY

What if you had won? Would it have been kidding then?

BOB

Alright. Fine. Let me get this over with.

*BOB gets up and walks all the way US and beckons
CHEF. They have a silent conversation. AMY is
texting.*

AMY

Hey, Carson. Thanks for setting me up with Bob. I think
it went really good. He's coming home with me for a
bit. Will have him back before midnight.

Blackout.

Carson Visits His Dealer

By

Josh Holley

Part 3 of The Saga of Bob and Carson

ACT I

Scene 1

Lights up on THE DEALER. He's wearing basketball shorts and a hoodie. Clearly not doing anything today. He's packing a bowl. There's a knock at the door. THE DEALER answers the door.

DEALER

Hey man. You okay? You sounded weird on the phone.

CARSON

Yea. Yea. It's just that Bob is spending a lot of time with this girl I set him up with. I wanted her to bang my friend not steal him. Anyways, I got bored sitting around alone at my place. I needed to re-up. Thought I'd come see what you were up to.

DEALER

You're lookin' at it man.

CARSON

Do you think it would be cool if I chill out here for a bit?

DEALER

You mean like, just hang out? Here?

CARSON

Yea! Is that weird?

DEALER

Uh...no. I guess not. Sure. Grab a seat on the couch. I was just about to smoke a bit and watch that Avatar movie.

CARSON

Is that the one with the blue people and that lady from Alien?

DEALER

Yea, it's supposed to be pretty good. And apparently you get to see those blue things have weird tail sex.

CARSON

Like anal?

DEALER

No!...Maybe. I'm not sure actually. I haven't watched it yet.

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

Well, I gotta know what that's all about. Pop it in.

DEALER

Already did. You want something to drink?

CARSON

You got any Sunny D? Or Tang?

DEALER

No...I think I have some orange juice.

CARSON

Eh, I'll just have water then. Thanks.

THE DEALER exits to get water. CARSON wanders around the apartment a bit. CARSON stops and stares at a painting.

Where'd you get this painting?

DEALER

What painting?

CARSON

This painting.

DEALER comes in with a glass of water.

DEALER

Oh that one. I had a lady friend a few months back that was super into art. I think she worked at a museum or something. She gave it to me for my birthday.

CARSON

What...What is it?

DEALER

I think that's the point. You're supposed to figure out what it means to you. Or something like that. She used to say a lot of faggy shit. It's hard to keep it all straight. All sorta sounded like bullshit to me. It's supposed to be pretty valuable though, I think.

CARSON

But it's just a bunch of random brush strokes and splatters. I could do that! If someone gave me the supplies and a sack of that Purple People Eater you gave me last time, I could spit out a dozen of these in no time.

DEALER

Here's your water. Wanna hit that bowl?

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

Does Raggedy Anne have cotton tits?

DEALER

I'm going to assume, yes?

They sit down on the couch.

CARSON

What's on the menu today?

DEALER

People are calling this shit Master Yoda.

CARSON

(In a Yoda voice)

Oooh, like the sound of that, I do.

DEALER

Yea, they call it that because obviously, it's green. But also, because it opens your mind to a whole new level of thinking.

CARSON

May the force be with us.

They start smoking. Carson coughs hard.

Whoa, that stuff is no joke, man. Jeepers creepers.

DEALER

Yea man. This stuff is pretty good. It's not even the best I've had lately though. I'm telling you dude, since this shit started becoming legal, the strands they've started growing are ridiculous. They've got scientists and shit in labs just coming up with better and better bud everyday. by the time it's legal here, man, we'll be throwin this shit in the trash.

CARSON

I wish they would just get on board and legalize here.

DEALER

I don't know why we, as a country, can't agree that potheads are not a problem.

CARSON

If I was the government, I'd want everyone to smoke weed. It keeps people chill. If everyone was high, there would be no war. There would be no fighting. I mean, look at me. Do I look like I have the fuckin initiative to start a war? I can't motivate myself to start the damn dishwasher most days. I smoke everyday. Every day. It's how I start my morning. Then do you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARSON (cont'd)

know what I do? Nothing. I watch t.v. I look up cool shit on youtube. Spy on my neighbors. The most interaction I have with other people is when I run to get my munchies. And even then, I'm mostly just smiling at strangers. I am literally one of the most harmless individuals on the planet. If I was president, everyone would smoke weed.

DEALER

Get to work then. I could use the customers.

CARSON

Aren't you kinda worried about weed being legal?

DEALER

Why?

CARSON

Wouldn't that sorta put you out of the job? If people can just buy it at the store, they won't really need a dealer, will they?

DEALER

It's so weird to think about buying weed at the store.

CARSON

I can't wait to go down to the sketch mart on the end of my street to buy weed. That prick always gives me shitty looks when I go in there high lookin' for food. I'm gonna go in. Buy my weed. Leave to smoke it. Then, come back when I'm high and get my snacks. HA!

DEALER

Anyways, if weed was legal, I'd gladly hang up my dealer hat and get a real job.

CARSON

You sound like Bob. A real job. What does that even mean?

DEALER

Has Bob been busting your balls about sitting around all day.

CARSON

Yes. He thinks that it isn't good for me to have so little responsibility. I'm like, why not have as few as possible, right?

DEALER

I mean, I guess that's cool, but don't you want to do something?

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

Of course I want to do something. I just don't have a fucking clue as to what it is yet. I just don't understand why I should waste my time at some job that I hate.

DEALER

Well don't you need money? You're one of my best customers. How do you pay for everything?

CARSON

It's a pretty funny story actually. My grandpa died two years ago. His dying wish was to be scattered in the redwood forrest in San Francisco. So we had him cremated here and I took him to San Fran on a plane. Well, they wouldn't let me take grandpa on the plane with me. Even after they x-rayed him. Said it might make people nervous. So I had to check grandpa at the gate. Well, long story short, they lose grandpa. Needless to say, that particular airline payed me a hefty sum of money to make sure that they didn't become the airline that loses loved ones. Plus, I can fly pretty much anywhere for next to nothing.

DEALER

Shit, I wouldn't get a job either.

CARSON

See? tank you! If only I could get Bob to understand that.

DEALER

What's up with you and Bob? things seem way off kilter.

CARSON

Nothing's going on. He's just spending a lot of time with his lady. He and I just haven't hung out much lately...and...I'd just kinda gotten used to him being around is all.

DEALER

Doesn't seem liek Bob to bail on you. That's not cool.

CARSON

It's not his fault. He's just been so hung up lately on geting older and growing up. "We're not getting any younger, Carson.", "When are you gonna get a real job, Carson?", "It shocks me that you don't think about these tings, Carson." Of course I don't think about those things. All of those things suck. It's just that...now that he has Amy...he doesn't...I'm just starting to feel like those toys from *Toy Story* when Andy starts ditching them to go feel up the girl down the street. And it's like, hey dude! I'm still here!

(CONTINUED)

DEALER

Can you really blame him for wanting to be with someone?

CARSON

What?

DEALER

Can you blame Bob for not wanting to sit in a living room with another dude all the time? I've been over there on a Saturday when it's just you two. It's gross. Just two sweaty ballsacks, vegetating on a couch together, arguing over which actor was the worst Batman.

CARSON

Man, fuck Val Kilmer!

DEALER holds up hand to silence CARSON.

DEALER

I don't know how either of you can do THAT all the time.

CARSON

I guess Bob can't do that all the time. He's too busy growing up.

DEALER

Then, dude, maybe you should finally figure out what the hell it is that you want to do. Bob's figuring his shit out. Maybe it's time you do too.

CARSON

It's not that easy. I can't just pick out what I want to do off a shelf in the morning while I'm grabbing my snacks.

DEALER

I know that. But you can't just sit and wait. You have to find it. It's not gonna find you.

CARSON

Now you really sound like Bob.

DEALER

I think Bob is just lookin out for you, bro.

CARSON

Maybe.

(CONTINUED)

DEALER

I think it's good Bob is getting out there. If you set him up with this chick, I'm sure you took care of him. So, just be happy for him.

CARSON

You're right. You're absolutely right. And I am. I am happy for him. It really does seem like Amy makes him happy. It's just...I don't have a lady...or many other friends really...I mean, you're one of the closest things I have to a friend outside of Bob, and I don't even know you're real name.

DEALER

You don't know my name?

CARSON

You were introduced to me as Fritz, and I never questioned it.

DEALER

Fritz is just a nickname I got in college.

CARSON

Hey man, it works for me. Thanks for letting me chill. I should probably get going though.

DEALER

You don't want to watch the movie?

CARSON

I'll catch it later. See ya later.

CARSON heads for the door.

DEALER

Hey! You forgot your bud.

CARSON

Oh damn. The whole reason I came over. I'll talk to you later this week. Thanks again.

DEALER

Yea, man.

CARSON exits.

Blackout.

Bob Comes Home Early

By

Josh Holley

Part 4 of The Saga of Bob and Carson

ACT I

Scene 1

Lights up. Bob walks in. He is wearing his work clothes. Bob goes to the fridge. There is nothing to drink. He walks to the cupboard to get a glass for some water. There are none to be found. The sink is full of dishes. He collects trash off of the counter. When he goes to throw it away. The trash can is full.

BOB

Fuck this...Carson?!

From Offstage

CARSON

Bob?!

Entering

Hey buddy. Didn't expect you home so soon.

BOB

What do you do all day?

CARSON

What?

BOB

When I'm at work. When I'm sitting in that fucking office. When I'm making money to pay rent and buy groceries, what is it that you're doing?

CARSON

Uh...well...I do lots of things.

BOB

Lots of things? Hmm.

CARSON

Yea. Lots of things.

BOB

What things? What are these things that you do?

CARSON

There are the things that you know. I visit Fritz. I make my rounds. Then I come back here and...

BOB

And what? What do you do once you've gone to your dealer and got your snacks?

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

Obviously, I come back and smoke then I munch. But then I'm ready for my day.

BOB

Okay Carson...but once you're ready for your day, what is it that you do with your day? What do you accomplish?

CARSON

I spend my day studying.

BOB

What do you study?

CARSON

Life. I read books. I look up cool shit on the internet. I watch the neighbors. Do you know how much you can learn about someone from watching them do the simplest things? Hell, what you can learn about yourself!

BOB

And that is your whole day? Every day.

CARSON

Yes!

BOB

That's a lot of studying.

CARSON

I'm dedicated.

BOB

I know you are. Let me ask you something though? Is there any reason why in the midst of your deep studying, you can't manage to load the dishwasher? Or take out the trash? Or why, while you're getting your snack you can't grab a drink so I can have a goddam coke when I come home?!

CARSON

Whoa, Bob. Whats going on man? This isn't like you, why are you yelling at me?

BOB

Because, dammit Carson, the last thing I want to do when I come home from work is clean up after you! When all you've been doing is sitting around getting stoned and playing Disturbia with the neighbors.

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

Disturbia?

BOB

Its that damn Shia LaBouf movie where he's on house arrest and he spies on his neighbors...its actually a pretty good movie...fuck! It doesn't matter. I don't want to come home to this shit CARSON!

CARSON

Okay! Okay! God. I'll clean up.

BOB

Thank you. That's all I'm asking for.

Bob goes and sits on couch with his head back. He looks defeated. Carson is cleaning up the kitchen. Long silence.

CARSON

Hey bud...

BOB

What Carson?

CARSON

Tough day at work?

BOB

...Yes, Carson. It was a very tough goddam day of work.

CARSON

Wanna talk about it?

BOB

No. I do not want to talk about it.

CARSON

Well...do you want to do something to take your mind off of it?

BOB

What? Smoke weed? No Carson. You know I can't do that shit anymore. Not after last time. Things get weird. I just need to process. Just kinda chill out and think things through.

CARSON

That's cool. I totally get that. I'll just be right here when you need me. If you need me, I mean.

Pause.

I'm not gonna make you talk to me. Just want you to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARSON (cont'd)

know, hey, if you need your pal Carson, he's right here.

Pause.

Also, to touch on that whole things got weird comment, I would like to point out that I told you that it was not a good idea for you to invite her over here. you know how you get around clowns, even when you're not messed up.

Bob looks up, then goes back to resting. Pause.

All I'm saying is sometimes when I have a lot on my mind, it just helps to kinda not think about anything and do something completely random.

Pause.

BOB

What do you have in mind?

CARSON

And you don't want to smoke?

BOB

No.

CARSON

Alright, well I have lots of things that I do on my study breaks.

BOB

Study breaks...shit...(this makes Bob laugh)...okay.

CARSON

Alright, if I stumble across something in my studies, you know, something that really makes you step back and wonder, "man, look at that guy, look what he's done. And I'm just some dude smokin pot and lookin up shit on the internet about him. What the fuck am I doing?". You know what I mean?

BOB

Yes...I actually know what you mean.

CARSON

Well, whenever I feel like that, I have a few things that I like to do to kinda get my world back into perspective. Now they may seem a little strange at first but you gotta trust me, okay? They work.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Trust you? Dear lord. Okay. Lets just do this.

CARSON

Alright. Stand up. Come with me.

They walk over to the mirror.

Okay the first thing I like to do is called, "Attack and Defend", so what you do is look at yourself in the mirror and you verbally attack yourself, you gotta really go after yourself, and then whenever you've gotten it all out, you go to your defense. You can be your worst critic, but that means you have to be able to stand up for yourself, even against yourself. So go ahead.

BOB

That is the dumbest thing I've ever heard. I'm going back to the couch.

CARSON

Bob, please! Just try it. It really works...pleeeaaasse. If it doesn't work, I'll leave you alone for the rest of the day, I promise. You won't even know that I'm here.

BOB

Okay, I try this and you leave me alone?

CARSON

Cross my heart and hope to die!

Bob trudges back over to the mirror.

BOB

So, I'm just supposed to insult myself now?

CARSON

Yea. And you gotta get all the hard to reach spots. Don't go easy on yourself. Don't worry about it, someone will stand up for you eventually.

BOB

Okay. Bob, you have really started to let yourself go. Not the young stud that you once were, are you? And your hair is really starting to thin out.

CARSON

Good start, But thats easy shit. Really go after yourself now.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Bob, you are not as smart as you think you are. You try to act like you know what you're talking about all the time, but the truth is, most of the time, you are talking out of your ass.

CARSON

Ooh, thats the stuff. I've noticed that. More. More. Dig in deeper.

BOB

Uhhh...Bob, you don't have any fr-...many friends, because you are afraid of trying to make friends now, being the person that you are now. You are afraid that people won't like you. That's why you still aren't sure whats going on with Amy.

CARSON

Okay. Yes. Explore that. Go deeper there. That should hurt pretty good.

BOB

Amy is probably too good for you and you are afraid that its just a matter of time before she realizes it and stops wasting her time on you...owww.

CARSON

Okay. I think thats good. Now stand up for yourself dammit. Amys smart isnt she?

BOB

She's one of the smartest people I've ever met. It's scary how much smarter than me she is.

CARSON

A girl that smart probably has the sense enough to know what shes looking for in a companion, right?

BOB

I guess so...I don't know man, can we stop this now?

CARSON

No! You only did half of the thing. Now tell me what it is that Amy sees in you that makes someone of her intellegence spend her time on you!

BOB

Because...because...I don't know!

CARSON

Goddamit! Tell me how awesome you are.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Fine! I am responsible. I'm a really good listener.

CARSON

Fuck that. Start over. Lots of guys could say that.

BOB

Because, when she talks I don't just listen, I take everything she says as something that I need to comprehend in order to further understand her. Because the more I understand her the better chance I have of making her happy. And that is worth more to me than I know how to put in words.

CARSON

You...study...her?

BOB

Carson!

CARSON

Sorry, just had to make a small point. Go on, take her out of the equation now.

BOB

When I'm dedicated to something. Anything. I don't give up. I'd rather die than fail, I've always been like that. No matter what it is. Even my job. I've been there for three years now. It's awful. But it's my job. And if I'm going to do it, I'm going to be the best, and that's what's got me through every day at that miserable establishment. I gave them everything I have every day. And it's got me to where I am now.

CARSON

A dedicated man that works as hard as he can through any complication? Now what kind of stupid bimbo would fall for a dickhead like that?

Bob stares at himself in the mirror.

Did that help at all?

BOB

It didn't not help...but it all kinda circled back to me thinking about work. Which is the one thing I don't want to think about right now. I appreciate it, buddy but-

CARSON

Look look look look, just try something else with me. You said that one didn't not work. So what's the harm in just trying another?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Carson, really-

CARSON

Come on, this one isn't as harsh I swear. The roughest part is over. Out of the way.

BOB

Alright. Whats next?

CARSON

You still trust me?

BOB

Yes.

CARSON

I need your help then. Help me put the bags up over the windows.

BOB

What?

CARSON

Just tape these bags over the windows. So no light can get in. Then we're gonna turn off the lights.

BOB

Why in the hell would we do that? What we're gonna just sit in the dark?

CARSON

Yea, Bob, we're just gonna sit in the dark. You think I'm an idiot? No! Once all the light is gone, we're gonna walk around the apartment.

BOB

Oh, right. Because that, in no way, sounds like something an idiot would do.

CARSON

You said you trusted me. Just do what I'm telling you. When you're walking around in the dark, you have to constantly be thinking about your surroundings, whats where. You won't be able to think about anything else.

BOB

Oh my god...thats actually kind of...

CARSON

Idiotic? The dumbest thing you've ever heard? Border line insane?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Genius. I'll get this window. You get that one.

They go to the windows. They begin taping up the bags.

You do this everyday?

CARSON

I don't need it every day. But I will say there have been some days I just decided to do it. Need notwithstanding. I've really come to enjoy the darkness.

BOB

Thats weird man. Shockingly insightful and innovative, but weird as shit.

CARSON

I know. Are you ready? Take one last good look around.

BOB

Alrighty.

CARSON

I've never done this with another person. This should be fun.

CARSON turns the lights off.

BOB

I really wish those hadn't been your last words before you sent us into the darkness.

CARSON

Sorry.

BOB

(whisper)

Okay...now what?

CARSON

You don't have to whisper. Start making your way around the apartment.

BOB

I'm walking around in the dark with my friend Carson...what is my life?...

CARSON

Totally kick ass.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Not the words I would have used...ow fuck...my shin...son of a...yup...thats a bruise. My shin is bruised now.

CARSON

You must have been thinking about something else. This is your home you should know it in the dark. Get your bearings.

BOB

When one of your pieces gets broken because I bust my ass on the coffee table, I don't want to hear it, this was your idea.

CARSON

That won't happen if you clear your mind of everything else. Now give yourself a task. Go somewhere specific. What do you want to do?

BOB

I would like to...pick out a movie.

CARSON

Thats perfect. Make your way over to the shelf without hitting anything and pick out a movie. Whatever you pick out we'll watch later. So make it good.

BOB

I'm not gonna know what I pick. It's pitch black. I can't make out which movie is which.

CARSON

You don't pay enough attention to your surroundings. You're in your head too much. Thats what this made me realize. I spend every day here. I should know it like the back of my hand, every inch of the place. But if you're too busy worrying about shit outside of yourself and not whats happening around you from moment to moment, then you don't have a grasp on anything.

BOB

What are you saying?

CARSON

Im saying. The shit we worry about from day to day, we usually have no control over. Our worrying doesn't change anything. And we're so concerned and involved with all of that, that we miss out on completely understanding things that we could grasp fully, like where we put our damn dvds. Now go pick our movie for tonight.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Okay...I'm at the shelf...alright, I've got our movie.

CARSON

Okay. Now go turn the light on, so we can see what you picked.

BOB turns the lights back on.

BOB

Caddyshack...you know...I've actually been wanting to watch this...I was just talking to Amy about it last night.

CARSON

Of course its a movie you want to watch. Its your house. You have complete control over your surroundings. You surround yourself with things geared toward pleasing you. Out there you're surrounded by things that you have no control over, things that there is nothing you can do about. Here, you have the control. So use that. When you come home, it should be a place that takes you away from the struggles of not having that control.

BOB

What about the dishes? And the trash? Thats inside of my home and I don't have any control over that?

CARSON

Thats because your surroundings happen to be my surroundings as well, and I'm disgusting. But I promise to work on that. I don't want to mess up the one thing you have.

BOB

The one thing I have?...

CARSON

You know what I mean...like what we were just talking about.

BOB

Yea. Yea. I know.

CARSON

Okay. So how we doin? You still thinking about work?

BOB

Not really actually. Carson, all of this came from your studying? I really thought you were just sittin around smoking weed all the time, but you've developed all of this beautiful insight. I really don't know what to say...Got anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

You mean you want to do more?

BOB

Thats exactly what I'm saying.

CARSON

We're just in time then.

BOB

In time for what?

CARSON

Mr. Borderine, across the alley, should be coming home to his wife soon. She's probably making dinner already. Its thursday, so its meatloaf day. I like to commentate their actions. Its a lot of fun. You can be Mr. Borderine. I'll be Mrs. Borderine.

BOB

That actually sounds like it could be really fun.

CARSON

Oh, it is.

They go over to the window.

And...there is Mr. Borderine, right on time. Like clockwork.

BOB

Honey, I'm home. Let me just throw this shit down.

CARSON

Oh darling! I'm so glad your home. And guess what day it is...

BOB AND CARSON

Meat loaf day!

BOB

Its no wonder I've kept you around this long.

CARSON

You're just the worst!

BOB AND CARSON

Smooch smooch smooch. Mwuah mwuah mwuah.

CARSON

You'll never guess what I heard at the salon today. Apparently that Obama is gonna make everyone get health care. Its just like you said would happen. He'd get in there and start messing everything up.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

(Breaking character)
Whoa. Why are they anti-Obama?

CARSON

Oh, look at them, they hate Obama.
(Back into character)
And I don't think the poor girl even goes to church.

BOB

Wait what?

CARSON

(Back out of character)
You missed some stuff. Keep up.

BOB

No church? Well that just won't do. We must invite her to go with us.

CARSON

How was work today dear?

BOB

Oh you know, same ole stuff different day.

CARSON

Yea? Nothing new?

BOB

I suppose today was a little different. We had a big meeting today, to discuss the new direction of the company.

CARSON

Finally changing things up over there? It's about time. Did they get into any specifics?

BOB

There was some talk about branching out and bringing in new blood.

CARSON

Ohhh! New co-workers. That sounds exciting. Always good to make new acquaintances.

BOB

Oh absolutely. But I don't know how many new acquaintances I'll be making.

CARSON

What ever do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

In the meeting they talked about having to make room for some of the new blood...apparently the new blood needed my room.

*Bob goes back over to the couch.
They laid me off.*

CARSON

Oh dear, what are we gonna do?

Noticing BOB has left his side, CARSON breaks character.

Hey man, it was just getting juicy. It's so much more exciting when you have a partner to play off of.

BOB

Carson, I don't really don't want to play anymore.

BOB is lying on the couch weeping. CARSON starts piecing things together. He looks at BOB. He looks out the window. Then back to BOB.

CARSON

Bob...

BOB

Carson, please give it a rest...I'm done.

CARSON

Did what happened to Mr. Borderline really happen to you?

Bob nods his head yes. CARSON goes and sits on the couch. He reaches over and places his hand on BOB's shoulder.

BOB

I don't know what the fuck I'm gonna do man.

CARSON

I think we're done. Let's just watch Caddyshack.

Long silence. BOB still weeping.

Blackout.

Job Hunt

By

Josh Holley

Part 5 of The Saga of Bob and Carson

ACT I

Scene 1

Lights up. CARSON, BOB, and AMY are sitting at a table with a lap top and a plethora of newspapers.

AMY

Here's one for an Accounting Technician. Associates degree required. Must be familiar with Excell. You could do that.

BOB

Where is it?

AMY

Middleboro.

BOB

Middleboro? That's like a 45 minute commute. I really need something closer.

AMY

Alright. Well here's one in town. Program Support Assistant. Over at the Veterans Affairs Center. That's just a couple blocks from here.

BOB

Veterans Affairs. I don't know. Sounds like I would be working with a lot of old people. I'm not so good with old people. Especially, old vets. Something about them makes me feel guilty. Like I haven't done enough. Carson? You got anything?

CARSON

Part time driver needed. Aww. This woman is visually impaired and needs rides to the store and stuff.

BOB

Like a valet?

CARSON

I mean, you don't have to look at it like that. Hours must be flexible. Always on call.

BOB

That sounds like a pretty big commitment. Anything else jump out at you?

CARSON

Uhh...a couple housekeeper jobs. I'm gonna guess thats a no. Oooh, looking for a body rub. I fly a lot. And nothing makes me feel better after a flight than a full

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARSON (cont'd)

body rub. 200 dollars per rub down. Once a week.
Sometimes twice a week.

BOB

Carson...where are you finding these jobs?

CARSON

Craigslist.

BOB

I'm looking for a job not a missed connection!

CARSON

Hey, there are some really good jobs on here. I think you're being a little picky for someone who is currently unemployed. Check this out, \$ugar Daddy Wanted. I'm 18 years old and looking for a clean man to fulfill all of my needs! You're not gonna find a sweet job like that in the regular job listings.

BOB

Yea, Amy, hows that sound? Should I be a sugar daddy?

AMY

Don't you need sugar to be a sugar daddy?

BOB

Damn, you're right. Probably not a lot of money to made in sugar daddying. Carson close that damn lap top and start looking through these listings. I need a real job.

CARSON

We've been at this for hours. I say we take a break and just chill out for a bit.

BOB

I gotta keep looking. Thanks for your help. But you guys don't have to keep looking. I'm gonna keep reading though.

AMY

Why don't you keep working on this? And I'll work on some food. Hey, don't stress, you'll find something.

Gives BOB a kiss and goes into the kitchen.

CARSON

Hey man, Amy seems to be pretty cool about this whole thing.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

She really has been. I probably would have lost my mind over this shit if it weren't for her. And you, man. I really I don't know how I could get through this without you two...GOD!...I feel like such a loser.

CARSON

But you're not a loser.

BOB

It sure feels like it. I've got no job. Very little money. And no sign of getting either any time soon. Any job I've found that I could actually see myself doing requires at least a bachelors degree. I wish someone had told me that the associate degree I received would be virtually worthless in the job market.

CARSON

Maybe, you're going about this the wrong way. Maybe looking through all of this shit isn't how you'll find a job. You might have to stop trying to fit yourself in somewhere.

BOB

That's how you find a job, Carson. You find a place that you can fit and that's where you go.

CARSON

Well you fit in just fine at your last job and you hated it. You stayed at a job that you "fit in" at for years, and hated it every day. Maybe you should start using criteria other than "where you fit". Then maybe you'll actually enjoy your next job.

BOB

Okay. Look, Carson, I really really appreciate all of your help and support. But I really don't think you're the person I should be taking career advice from. You haven't worked a day in the last year and a half. You know nothing about the job market. And I really can't approach this the way that you would. I'll admit, as ridiculous as it seems, and as much as it pains me to say it, you seem to have your life together better than I do right now. But man, you and I are just different. I can't relax into unemployment and try to find happiness.

BOB looks into the kitchen to make sure AMY is distracted.

(In a whisper)

I've found something in my life to make me happy. And she's making us lunch right now. And I need to try to regain some stability in my life before that's gone too!

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

Wow, bro. I didn't know how serious things had gotten with you and Amy.

BOB

Well, I can't really speak for her, but for me at least, things are pretty serious. Something about that damn hurt-your-own-feelings-game that we played the other day, it really got me thinking about Amy.

CARSON

Bob, Amy is not going to leave you because you don't have a job.

BOB

Maybe, but if things get more serious, I'm gonna need money, for...ya know...serious relationship shit. Dates, trips, presents. And maybe one day a ring, a wedding, and a place of our own. Right now that's what I see for us, not any time soon, but eventually.

CARSON

Bob? Are you in love with this girl?

BOB

I really think I am, man.

CARSON

Holy shit! (To Amy) WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?!

BOB

Shut the fuck up!

AMY

(from offstage)
What?

BOB

Nothing! (To Carson) What the hell is wrong with you?!

CARSON

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Just having a bit of fun. I've never heard you use the "l word" before.

BOB

Yea, well neither have I, and neither has she. So please, keep your mouth shut.

CARSON

What do you mean neither has she?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I mean, I haven't...told her.

CARSON

Why not?

BOB

I don't know, because I've never told anybody that. Because, the thought of her not saying it back is fucking terrifying. There are many reasons why I haven't told her.

CARSON

So what, are you just gonna wait around and hope she says something first?

BOB

To this point, yea, that has kinda been the idea.

CARSON

I'm kinda the master of dumb ideas and that one takes the cake for me.

BOB

I know. With everything else though, I just...I'm scared. I'm scared that I'll scare her off.

CARSON

I've got a plan.

BOB

Carson, please no.

CARSON

Trust me, its a good one.

BOB

Carson, please. Please. Please. Do not try to help me with this, I'm begging you.

CARSON

Sure thing.

CARSON winks at BOB. AMY walks back in with a plate of sandwiches and a bag of chips.

AMY

A couple of ham sammies. Find anything interesting?

BOB

No, not really. Carson, might be right, maybe my standards are too high right now.

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

I think he's got nice standards, I mean looking at this lovely lady your with.

AMY

Aw...Carson, that's very sweet.

BOB

Very sweet, Carson.

Tries to communicate to CARSON to stop.
Maybe I shouldn't look for something too permanent right now. Maybe, I could just find a job to kinda hold me over til a better one presents itself.

CARSON

I don't know Bob, I think at this stage in your life, something permanent might be good for you.

BOB is screaming internally.
Wouldn't you say so, Amy?

AMY

I don't know, it doesn't sound like a bad idea to me. You could wait tables or something.

BOB

Hey, waiting tables isn't a bad idea. I waited tables in college, and made almost just as much as I did at my last job. And I didn't hate it nearly as much.

CARSON

I might be able to help you with that. I know a lot of waiters. I could call around and see if anybody's hiring.

BOB

That would be awesome.

CARSON

Alright, I will return shortly.

Carson exits.

AMY

Well, there you go!

BOB

You don't think it's lame that, I'll be waiting tables?

AMY

No! Why would I?

BOB

I don't know. It just seems like a job for people that have no idea what they're doing. It feels like a fake job.

AMY

Bob, you said you would be happier waiting tables than you were at your last job.

BOB

Yea.

AMY

On that alone, I'd rather you be a waiter than anything else. Money is money. No matter where it comes from. Trust me. Its kinda my business.

BOB

Hey, you're pretty great sometimes. Ya know that?

AMY

Yea, I do.

AMY smiles at BOB. They hold each others eyes for a long moment. BOB has something to say.

BOB

Amy, I-

(CARSON runs in screaming.)

CARSON

I AM THE BEST ROOMMATE OF ALL TIME! BOB, WHAT DID YOU ASK ME TO DO?

BOB

I asked you to find me a waiting job.

CARSON

And what do you think I have done?!

BOB

I'm really hoping you found me a waiting job.

CARSON

That is exactly what I've done my boy!

BOB

Fuck yes! Where?

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

Actually, my friend. I found not one job for you. Not two. But three. Sweet sweet Bob, I have brought you OPTIONS. And I think, you should really consider all of them.

BOB

You found me three jobs?! You were only gone for like a minute?

CARSON

Yea, just sent out a mass text, and a bunch of people responded immediately. Apparently, the waiting game is a pretty booming job market currently.

AMY

Way to come through, Carson! (To BOB) Look at that, you went from no options, to three options, just like that. (To CARSON) What are they?

CARSON

Bob, what I have for you are three very different options. Partigianoni's. The first is your fine dining option. Advantages: higher prices, higher checks, bigger tips. Disadvantages: snobby people and job-place misconduct is taken a lot more seriously.

Option two. Cafe scenario. Fritz said, that they're looking for a waiter at Schlutzkey's, and he could definitely get you in there. Advantages: free sandwiches. Fritz goes in high all the time, and they don't seem to mind, so they must be pretty chill. And you make minimum wage on top of your tips. Disadvantages: I remember Fritz saying that he didn't make much in tips, but the minimum wage kinda makes up for it. A lot of old people go there, and as you've recently said, you don't like them.

BOB

That's not what I said. But, thank you, good to know.

CARSON

Option three. Sports Bar! Advantages: flexible work schedule and my buddy said that they're always pretty busy. So, you don't have to worry about it being slow ever. Disadvantages: On game day, the place fills up with drunk idiots. He also said that the tips are kinda hit or miss.

BOB

Carson, those are all very good options. I know Amy just said this, but wow, you really came through for me.

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

Well, I'm glad I could help.

BOB

Thanks, man. Really. You have no idea, how much more at ease I feel about everything. Its like a huge weight has been lifted off of my shoulders.

CARSON

Good. Now maybe, you can tell Amy that thing we were talking about.

AMY

What thing?

BOB

Carson, what the fuck?! This was your big plan?!

AMY

What is he talking about, Bob?

BOB

Nothing! Really, its nothing. Carson, dude, not cool.

AMY

Bob. Tell me. Now.

BOB

Baby, really, there is nothing to tell you.

AMY

I do not like this, Bob. You tell me right now, or I'm leaving.

CARSON

Amy, please don't. Its not bad. I promise.

BOB AND AMY

Stop helping!

AMY

You tell me right this second or I'm walking out that door.

BOB can't back peddle out of this. He says nothing.

Fine. You know how I feel about secrets. I've told you.

AMY starts grabbing up her things, leaving.

BOB

Amy, please don't leave. It's not like that. Carson, doesn't know what he's talking about. He's just ya know...being Carson.

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

Yea, really! What the hell do I know?!

AMY isn't slowing down.

BOB

Fucking shit. Amy, I love you!

AMY

How dare you say that to me?! That is not something you throw at someone to...to...diffuse a situation!

BOB

No, Amy! That's the fucking...thing. I fucking love you. I didn't want to tell you. Because I didn't want to freak you out. I love you. You're one of the only fucking things I've got keeping me sane right now. And I was scared if I told you, you would not be one of those things anymore. But now you know. Thank you, Carson.

Beat.

BOB gets up and goes and sits on the couch. AMY is frozen bby the door. CARSON is has no idea what to do.

Beat.

AMY

Thank you, Carson.

AMY walks over and sits on the couch with BOB.
Why would you not want to tell me that? That's not a good secret to keep.

BOB

I didn't want to know what you would say. Things were just going so good. I didn't want to risk it.

AMY

Why would that be a risk?

BOB

Because...shit, I don't know...I'm just...its...

AMY

What is it?

BOB

I just don't know why you would love me back.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

AMY
Well, I do.

BOB
You do?

AMY
Yes. I love you, Bob.

CARSON
See, you two? That wasn't so hard. I told you he loved you.

BOB
What?

CARSON
Amy called me the other day, and told me almost exactly what you told me.

BOB
Why didn't you tell me?

CARSON
Because I wanted to see if you would sack up and just tell her. I didn't mean for you guys to get in a fight.

BOB
So, I love you, and you love me?

AMY
That seems to be the conclusion.

Beat.

Blackout

Moving Day

By

Josh Holley

Part 6 of The Saga of Bob and Carson

ACT I

Scene 1

BOB and CARSON are carrying boxes out of the bedroom into the living room.

CARSON

Look buddy, I'm glad things are working out with Amy. But are you sure you want to do this?

BOB

Yes, Carson.

CARSON

Living with a woman is very different from living with a man.

BOB

I know, Carson.

CARSON

There are so many rules. You can't leave the toilette seat up. You can't leave hair in the sink. Gotta make the bed. You can't just throw your clothes anywhere you want. You're probably gonna have to start taking a lot more showers.

BOB

I know all of this buddy.

CARSON

I just don't know how I feel about you going off and living with some woman.

BOB

Carson, she's not just some woman. Me and Amy are very happy together, and we've talked about it, a lot. We're ready to take this step.

CARSON

But...but...what if she has secrets? Secrets we don't know about? I mean how well do you really know her? I mean hell, I set you up with her, that has to be a red flag right there?

BOB

What secrets could she possibly have?

CARSON

I don't know! Maybe they're not big secrets. But once you all start living together, that veil of the unknown is gone.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Enlighten me, what is the veil of the unknown?

CARSON

Its all the stuff that you know they must do, but you never witness it, so you can pretend it just doesn't happen. For example, remember that time we ate at that whole in the wall Chinese place, Good China?

BOB

Yes.

CARSON

Do you remember the proceeding digestive consequences?

BOB

Yes.

CARSON

What? Do you think Amy would just be invincible to said consequences? And from the other side, do you want to endure said consequences while in the same apartment?

BOB

Oh god...you're right. I hadn't thought of that.

CARSON

And in the winter time. Jean season. Do you think those legs are gonna stay all silky smooth all the time? When she comes home, those jeans gotta come off some time, man. And buddy, trust me, Spring won't be able to come soon enough. Are you ready for that?

BOB

Stop it, Carson!

CARSON

What? You can't handle the truth?!

BOB

I don't want the truth right now!

CARSON

I don't care! I'm gonna give it to you!

BOB

NOOOOO!

CARSON

Fine. But, I don't have to tell you anything. I've already began to lift the veil.

BOB

She's a shedder. Anytime she stays the night, anytime she's in the car, anytime I stay there; after she's gone, I just find hairs for the next few hours. Everywhere. I'm going to be constantly covered in her hair.

CARSON

Yes. Yes. On your pillows. On your clothes. You know some unfortunate bastards find draped across their toothbrushes.

BOB looks ill.

BOB

Why would you do this to me? I wasn't thinking about any of this shit. Now I'm freaking the fuck out. You're my best friend, you're supposed to make this shit easier on me! What about, I'm happy for you Bob? Or that Amy is a real catch, Bob? Anything, but you know she shits. right? Why would you bring this shit up now?!

CARSON

Because I don't want you to leave! Because yes, I'm happy for you. But dammit, Bob, I don't want you to move out! Since you two got together I've seen less and less of you, and I'm afraid now...now, I'm just never gonna see you. You've been my best friend for the last decade. And I'm not super pumped about you fading out of my life.

BOB

Carson, I'm not dying. I'm moving fifteen minutes away. I'm not gonna fade out.

CARSON

Yes you will. First, its moving in. Then, the next thing you know, you'll be getting engaged. And I'll get a phone call to be the best man. And then- wait. I would be your best man right?

BOB

Oh totally, dude.

CARSON

Good. Anyways, then you'll get married and you'll be the married guy. Then you'll have to do married guy things. And I'll see even less of you. And then eventually, you two might pop out a kid or two and then its done. You're a dad and a husband. Not much room for Carson in that situation. And I guess I knew it would happen one day, I mean I knew we wouldn't live together forever, but I don't know...its just...now?...already?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Hey, its not gonna be like that.

CARSON

You say that now.

BOB

And I'll keep saying it. I'm not going anywhere. I don't work every day anymore, Amy does, I'm not gonna sit around by myself.

CARSON

So you'll come hang out still?

BOB

Dude, all the time. Hell, I might even smoke a little weed with you. Ya know, here and there.

CARSON's eyes light up like a Christmas tree.

CARSON

Really?!

BOB

Yea. I mean, everybody I work with does. Gotta fit in somehow.

CARSON

Oh, Bob. I feel like I've rubbed off on you in the best worst way possible.

BOB

You cetainly have.

Beat.

CARSON

Well, how about now?

BOB

Aw man, I really gotta get everything packed up today.

CARSON

You'll still be able to. I mean you're stuff isn't going to get p and run away.

BOB

Yea, but Fritz is gonna be here with his truck soon, right?

CARSON

Not for another hour.

(CONTINUED)

Beat.

BOB

What the hell. Put the weed in the thing and lets smoke it.

CARSON

AHHH! Okay. Okay.

CARSON loads his pipe.

BOB

Hey man, that looks like a lot. I still gotta be able to function.

CARSON

You'll be fine! I promise. You're in good hands.

BOB

This is a terrible idea. Give it to me. I just put my thumb over this hole and light it?

CARSON

Yep and just move your thumb after a few seconds.

BOB

How many is a few?

CARSON

You don't have to count mississippis.

BOB

Well, I don't want to do it wrong.

CARSON

This isn't your first rodeo, just go for it.

BOB lights the pipe and takes in way too big of a hit, he coughs, and coughs some more.

BOB

Oh dammit, that was dumb. I've made a mistake.

CARSON

That may have been too many mississippis. I should have gone first. Here just watch me.

CARSON takes a hit. Unphased. No coughing.
See? Nothing to it. Try again.

BOB looks scared. He takes another hit. He handles this one much better.
There you go. You're getting the hang of it already.

(CONTINUED)

There is already a notable difference in BOB.

BOB

Wow.

CARSON

Yea?

BOB

Oh yea. I'm definitely...uhh...definitely feeling something.

CARSON

Well, you're not done yet. One more.

CARSON hands the pipe to BOB.

BOB

Oh god. I really don't think I should.

CARSON

Thats exactly why I think you should do it.

BOB

Okay, but this is the last one.

CARSON

Deal.

BOB takes one more. This is the end of BOB as we know him.

BOB

Get this away from me. I'm done. Happy now?

CARSON

Incredibly so.

BOB

Ohhh boy.

CARSON

Just relax into it. We've been working all morning.

BOB

We have been bustin our humps. Bustin our humps. Justa hump bustin.

CARSON

I mean, look at all of the boxes we've packed just today.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Soooo many boxes. So much stuff. You ever think about just how much stuff we have?

CARSON

All the time.

BOB

Well, I never did! There's just so much of it. Probably gonna have to get rid of some of it. It can't all fit at Amy's.

CARSON

Just another reason to stay.

BOB

Hey. Stop it. I'm moving in with Amy.

CARSON

I know. Just callin it like I see it.

Beat. Bob is looking around the apartment now.

BOB

I am gonna miss this place. Its a shit hole kinda. But its our shit hole.

CARSON

Damn straight. You won't find many places like this.

BOB

Nope! Well, if you don't count the other 29 identical units in this building.

CARSON

But none of those have the charm that this one's got!

BOB

No way! No way!

CARSON

I mean look at this carpet. Each stain tells a story. Sauces and drinks a many.

BOB

It really is filthy, isn't it?

BOB starts laughing hysterically.

Just like that disgusting bathroom! That's not even our fault! It's been that gross since the day we moved in. I scrubbed, and scrubbed, and scrubbed. NOTHING! It was still gross. I will say that we haven't made it much grosser. Here you pat my back and I'll pat yours.

(CONTINUED)

CARSON laughs and goes along.

CARSON

And the leaky dishwasher. I can't imagine how much money we...you have spent on duct tape for that alone.

BOB

If you can't duct it, fuck it. Why didn't we call the super?

CARSON

We did once, he came up and started messing with it, but then he got a phone call and started screaming in what I assumed at the time was Polish, and I don't think I've seen him since.

BOB

Why did you assume it was Polish?

CARSON

I don't know. That's just what I heard.

There's a knock at the door.

BOB AND CARSON

It's open!

AMY walks in and sits her stuff down.

AMY

Hi, boys. What are you guys doing?

CARSON

Uhh...

BOB

Well..

AMY

Bob?

BOB

Hmm?

AMY

Are you high?

BOB

Me?

AMY

Yes, you.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Oh...yea. I'm pretty high.

AMY

I see. And when did you start smoking weed?

BOB

Pretty recently.

CARSON

Amy, look, it's not his fault. I talked him into it.
Sorta like a bon voyage present to me.

AMY

Uh huh. Well, I just came by on my lunch break to see,
if you two needed any help moving some stuff over.

BOB

How sweet of you! Isn't she sweet, Carson?

CARSON

She is, Bob. That was very thoughtful of you.

AMY

Right. So, are these the boxes that are ready to go?

BOB

Yep. All packed up. Look at how much stuff I have.

AMY

I see that. Do you wanna help me carry some of it to my
car.

BOB

Yep. Sure do. Have you eaten yet? I'm really hungry all
of a sudden.

AMY

We can get some food on the way home. My treat.

*They start grabbing boxes. There's another knock
on the door. CARSON goes to get the door. When he
opens it, he finds an envelope addressed to him.
He opens it.*

CARSON

Huh, that's pretty cool.

AMY

What?

(CONTINUED)

CARSON

This publishing company wants to pick up my book.

BOB and AMY are dumbfounded.

BOB

Uhh...What?

CARSON

I put together a little self help book, with all of my research and exercises, and this publisher wants it.

BOB

You wrote a book?

CARSON

Yea.

BOB

That's incredible. How long did that take you?

CARSON

I don't know, a few weeks? Maybe.

AMY

So you just piled all of your "research" together and sent it in? No proof reads or anything of that nature? Just sent it in.

CARSON

Yea, pretty much.

BOB

Astounding.

CARSON

It says here they want me to start gearing up for a book signing tour in about four months.

AMY

That's so soon.

BOB

Carson, I don't know what to say...I'm...proud of you. You're going to be a published writer!

CARSON

It's because of you, I saw how much I could help you, and just thought, I might as well try to help other people. I wanted it to be a surprise.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

It was!

AMY

I don't want to run off but I have to be back at work at 1. We should go out and celebrate tonight. Mr. Bigshot Writer can buy us dinner.

CARSON

It would be a delight.

BOB

Great. I'm gonna grab a few things out of my room and we can head out.

BOB exits.

CARSON

Hey, Amy. You be good to him. He's my best friend.

AMY

Haha. I will, Carson.

CARSON

I'm not kidding. I know where you live-

BOB enters.

-so I can just meet you two over there for dinner tonight.

BOB

Ready to go?

AMY

Yes.

They start grabbing boxes.

BOB

Well, man. I'll probably grab the rest of this stuff tomorrow. But, I'll see you tonight at dinner.

CARSON

Right.

BOB

Okie dokie. Well...I will...take it easy, buddy.

CARSON

You too.

BOB and AMY go out through the front door. CARSON kinda putters around a bit and plops down on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

Beat.

BOB bursts back in. Breathing heavy.
Shit! Dude, is everything okay?

BOB
Yea...I...

CARSON
Catch your breath.

BOB
I forgot to...ask you...the title...of your book.

CARSON
Oh. *Go Do Yourself.*

BOB
Of course. *Go Do Yourself.*

BOB laughs. Shakes his head. Walks over to CARSON and gives him a long hug, and heads for the door.
I'll see you tonight at dinner.

BOB exits. From offstage you can hear BOB saying, "Go Do Yourself" and laughing. CARSON walks back over to the couch, sits down, and puts his feet up.

Blackout.

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